WOLVERINE
BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

"Beautifully rendered"
— COMIC WATCH

"A Wolverine tour de force"
— YOU DON'T READ COMICS

WOLVERINE
BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

LOGAN.
PATCH.
WEAPON X.
WOLVERINE.

The mysterious mutant has gone by many names and lived many different lives. Many tales have been told of his exploits. Many more remain unsung. These are some of those untold tales. Some of his bloodiest battles from across the ages — raw and exposed for the first time. This is…

#1

"The Beast Within Him"
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"I Shall Be a Wolf"
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"Cabin Fever"
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"Unfinished Business"
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"Seeing Red"
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"Do We Die Today?"
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#3

"32 Warriors and a Broken Heart"
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"Burn"
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"Red Planet Blues"
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"The Art of Loss"
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"Reave What You Sow"
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"Sticks & Stones"
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#1

HINES, YOU GOT YOUR EARS ON?

YES. I HATE THESE... EXCURSIONS.

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING. WE'RE APPROACHING THE "REST AREA."

D-DID WE DO ANYTHING TO ATTRACT IT? CHUM OF SOME KIND?

SAW TO IT MYSELF. THE ROADHOUSE DOWN THE ROAD IS LIGHT A FEW BARFLIES.

I'M A MONSTER. CASE CLOSED...

...BUT ARE WE BORN...

IT'S THE ONLY QUESTION I'D ASK MY OLD PALS AT THE WEAPON X PROGRAM...IF I COULD.

MOVEMENT ON INFRARED. THE ANIMAL IS WATCHING US DUE EAST.

I REMEMBER THE ABDUCTION AND THEN NOT MUCH FER A WHILE.

BUT I'LL REMEMBER THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED.

THEY WENT EASY ON ME AT FIRST.

THEY BETA-TESTED ME AGAINST SOME WOLVES, BUT THAT WASN'T MUCH OF A SCRAP.

THEN THEY MADE ME FIGHT BEARS...AND SOME MEN WHO WERE LIKE ME--

GET READY TO CUT POWER TO THE MAGNET.

MAGNET IS *OFF.*

EXPERIMENT-X IS FREE.

...OR ARE WE MADE?

IT'S GONNA KILL THIS THING ONCE AND FOR ALL.

I CAN'T REMEMBER THE SURGERIES OR THE RECOVERY...

...ONE OF MY FEW MERCIES, I RECKON.

--SOULS THAT WOULDN'T BE MISSED.

I CAN'T REMEMBER THEIR FACES, BUT AT NIGHT WHEN SLEEP IS ELUSIVE, I CAN STILL HEAR THEIR SCREAMS.

EVENTUALLY MY MONSTERS FIGURED OUT THAT NO MAN WAS GONNA HURT ME.

SNIFF SNIFF

CONTACT.

SNIKT SNIKT

SO THEY WENT FISHING FOR TOUGHER CUSTOMERS.

I DIDN'T LIKE IT WHEN WE USED THE WOLVES...

...OR THE BEARS.

AT LEAST WHEN THE EXPERIMENT FIGHTS *THIS* MONSTER IT SEEMS *FAIR.*

WE'RE ACTUALLY ROOTING FOR THIS THING TO STAY FERAL?

WHY?

PAY UP, MAN.

POURQUOI TU ME FAIS ÇA?

HNH.

WASN'T TILL I HEARD A MAN'S VOICE FROM INSIDE THE MONSTER THAT I STARTED TO FIND MYSELF AGAIN.

SO, YEAH--I'M A MONSTER...

DO IT!

...BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEAPON X PROGRAM?

WERE THEY BORN MONSTERS, OR DID SOMETHING TWIST THEM UP?

IT'S A BUST, MAN. WHATEVER THAT THING SAID IN FRENCH JUST MESSED UP MR. SENSITIVE.

AAAAAAAARRRRRGH!

SUBJECT'S HEART IS RACING.

HE'S ATTACKING THE GEAR AGAIN!

GET THE MAGNET READY!

HITTING HIM WITH THE SEDATIVES!

LISTEN TO IT SCREAM.

BOTH SUBJECTS ARE DOWN, BUT THE EXPERIMENT'S HEART RATE IS ALREADY ON THE WAY BACK UP.

RETRIEVE EXPERIMENT-X AND TAKE THE OTHER ONE, TOO. LET'S SEE WHAT IT'S MADE OF.

REACTIVATE THE MAGNET.

THEY DEDICATED THEIR LIVES TO SCIENCE, BUT THEY DIDN'T CURE OR FIX ANYTHING...

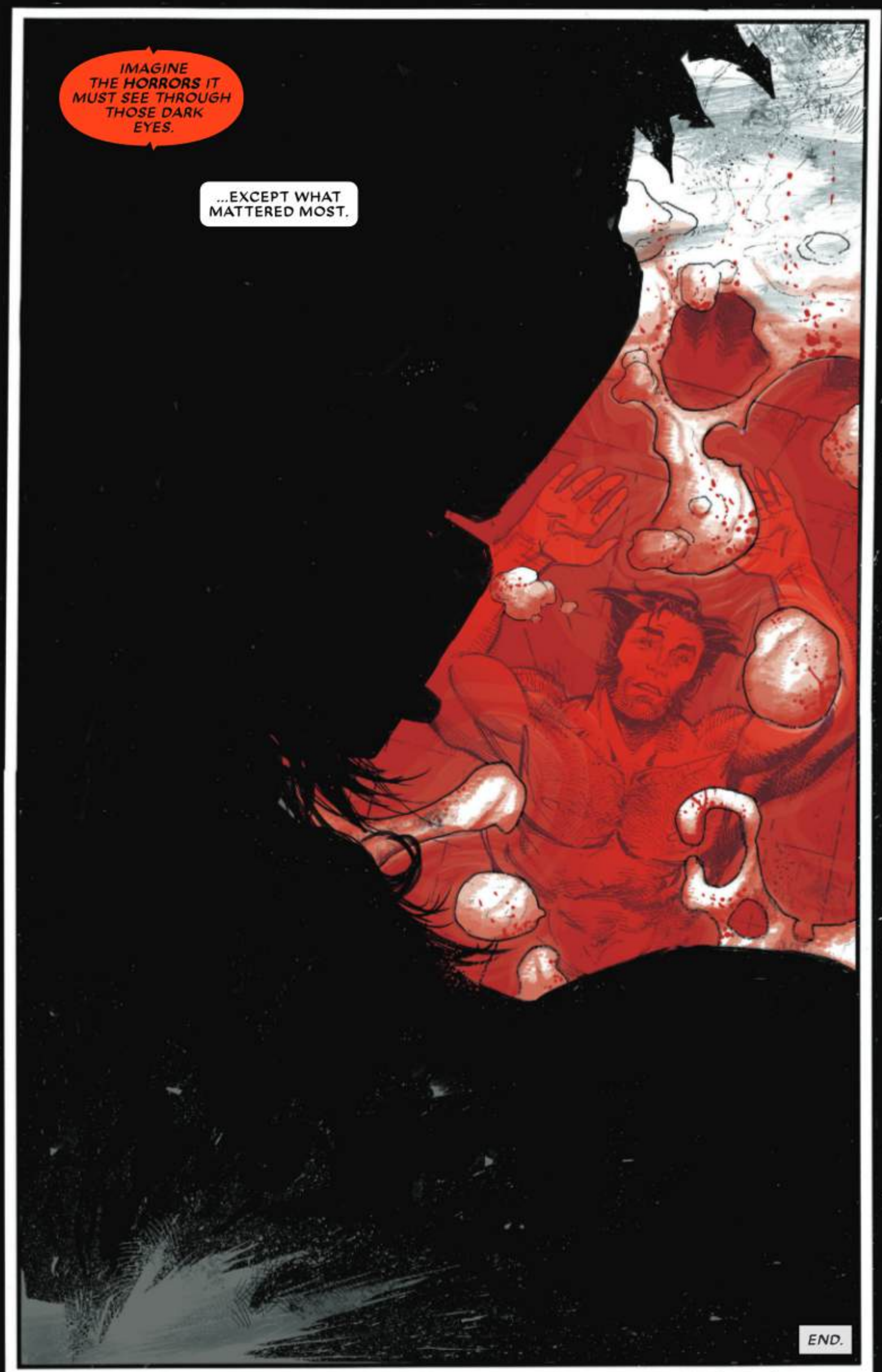
VMMMM

CHNK

CLNK

REMARKABLE. THE ANIMAL IS AWAKE ALREADY.

...THEY TOOK IT ALL... SWIPED EVERYTHING FROM ME...



THE BEAST IN THEM

BY

GERRY DUGGAN - WRITER
ADAM KUBERT - ARTIST
FRANK MARTIN - REDS
VC's CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERER

BUDAPEST. 39 HOURS AGO.
DON'T GIVE ME ANOTHER REASON TO BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF, FREAK!

AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION. NOW.

YOU READY TO TALK, HERO?

OR YOU WANT ME TO TAKE SOME MORE SWINGS?

THIS AIN'T THE LITTLE LEAGUES, BUB. WE'RE GONNA PLAY ALL NINE INNINGS.

BASEBALL. HOW CHARMINGLY AMERICAN OF YOU.

I'M CANADIAN, YOU DUMB--

AT EASE, LIEUTENANT. I THINK I WILL TAKE THE CONVERSATION FROM HERE, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

SHOULD HAVE TALKED TO *ME* WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE, "BUB."

GREETINGS, MISTER...?

PTOO

VERY WELL, MY FRIEND. BUT I FEAR YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND YOU ARE NOT AS TOUGH AS YOU THINK.

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE *MYSELF*. MY NAME IS GREGOR HERSH. I'M THE GRAND INQUISITOR OF HYDRA.

DO YOU KNOW WHY I'M UPSET RIGHT NOW?

YOU JUST FOUND OUT YOUR TEAM LOST WORLD WAR II?

QUITE THE SENSE OF HUMOR.

NICHOLAS FURY AND I HAVE BEEN PLAYING A GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE FOR SOME TIME NOW. BUT HERE MY MOUSE-TRAP CAUGHT *YOU* INSTEAD.

WHO *YOU* ARE DOESN'T CONCERN ME. ALL I CARE ABOUT IS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN THE PAST TWO DAYS.

I'LL TELL WHAT I *DO* KNOW, AND YOU WILL FILL IN THE BLANKS AFTER.

"IT HAS ALL BECOME QUITE ABSURD, AS THESE THINGS TEND TO.

"YOU MET WITH FURY TWO NIGHTS AGO AT THE FOOT OF THE SZÉCHENYI BRIDGE, WHERE HE HANDED YOU SOME DOCUMENTS.

"HE HAS BEEN IN HUNGARY FOR TWO WEEKS, TRYING TO FIND THIS VERY BUILDING YOU SIT IN NOW. BECAUSE OF THAT, WE HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FIND HIM.

SNIKT!

"SO I UNDERSTAND WHY A GROUP OF MY MEN THOUGHT THEY COULD CURRY FAVOR WITH ME BY DISOBEYING ORDERS AND TRYING TO TAKE FURY IN THEMSELVES.

"THEY CAUGHT YOU OFF GUARD, BUT YOU PRODUCED A SET OF KNIVES, I AM TOLD.

"YOU AND FURY DEALT WITH MY *OVEREAGER* AGENTS, SAVING ME THE TROUBLE. THANK YOU FOR THAT."
"MY PLEASURE."

"UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, YOU LEFT ONE OF MY MEN ALIVE.

"HE LOST YOU IN THE CELEBRATION AT VÖRÖSMARTY SQUARE...

"BUT IT WAS ENOUGH. HE CALLED IN WITH YOUR DESCRIPTION, AS WELL AS YOUR GENERAL LOCATION AND DIRECTION.

YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR.

"EVENTUALLY MY MEN SPOTTED YOU WHEN YOU STOPPED TO... ***PAY YOUR RESPECTS*** AT THE LIBERTY STATUE.

"FROM THERE IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO FOLLOW YOU TO THE S.H.I.E.L.D. SAFE HOUSE.

"MY MEN HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR ANY TRACE OF FURY'S NETWORK FOR WEEKS. YOU LED THEM RIGHT TO IT.

"YOU PUT UP A HELL OF A FIGHT WITH THESE KNIVES OF YOURS, IT WOULD SEEM.

"BUT AS YOU NOW HAVE LEARNED, CUT OFF ONE HEAD AND TWO SHALL TAKE ITS PLACE.

"THE SECOND WAVE OF MY MEN MANAGED TO SUBDUE YOU EASILY."

WE HAVE YOU NOW, BUT YOU WERE NEVER MY QUARRY. FURY KNOWS MY NET IS TIGHTENING ON HIM. THERE IS NOWHERE FOR HIM TO RUN.

OH? AND WHAT MIGHT THOSE BE?

PROBLEM IS YOU GOT A FEW THINGS WRONG, BUB.

"FURY KNEW YOU WERE COMING."

LEAVE ONE ALIVE.

AND HAVE FUN!

#@$& YOU.

HEH. KNOW WHAT I THINK? YOU WERE PANICKED AND GOT SLOPPY.

YOUR MAN DID WHAT WE NEEDED.

HE REPORTED YOUR DESCRIPTION AND LOCATION BACK TO MY MEN.

"YEAH. ALMOST LIKE WE PLANNED IT."

THANK YOU, SIR.

CLK

WAIT-- *AIIEE!*

RATATATATA

SO YOU WANTED ME TO KNOW YOU WERE ON THE GAMEBOARD? IS THAT IT?

IF EVERYTHING IS AS YOU PLANNED, THEN I'M SURE YOU'RE PLEASED TO SEE THESE DOCUMENTS THAT MY MEN ***STOPPED YOU*** FROM BURNING?

THEY'RE CODED.

OH, WE KNOW ABOUT THE CODE.

"REMEMBER THE PHONE CALL YOU ***WANTED*** MY MAN TO MAKE? MY MEN FOUND YOU AND THE KEY TO FURY'S LITTLE CODE THREE MINUTES LATER."

LET'S SEE...A PHONE NUMBER "*FOR EXTRACTION.*" MAYBE IT'S TIME FURY AND I SPOKE. AGENT, TRACE THIS CALL.

FOR A MAN WHO "MADE NO MISTAKES," NOTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING YOUR WAY. AND NOW YOU WILL LEAD ME RIGHT TO FURY.

HMM...THE REST OF THIS FILE IS ALL ABOUT ME? MY ARRIVAL. MY DESCRIPTION. ***ORDERS TO KILL.*** I'M FLATTERED.

IT SEEMS ALL ***YOU*** HAD TO DO WAS FIND ME. BUT ALAS, I FOUND YOU FIRST.

OH YEAH...

"...YOU SURE?"

WHAT WERE YOUR ORDERS?

B-BRING YOU IN ALIVE TO INQUISITOR HERSH. PLEASE, I HAVE--

HAVE IT YOUR WAY. YOU ***FOUND*** ME. CONGRATULATIONS.

YOU HAVE NO MORE CARDS LEFT TO PLAY. YOU WERE NEVER A THREAT TO ME AND YOU CAN'T MAKE ME THINK OTHERWISE. I'VE HAD EYES ON YOU THE WHOLE TIME.

BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE EYES ON ME THE ***WHOLE TIME,*** HERSH.

"FIRST, I LOST YOUR MAN IN THE MARKET FOR TWO MINUTES, REMEMBER?"

AND WHAT WAS IN THIS BAG YOU PICKED UP?

A BOMB.

MY MEN TOSSED THE SAFE HOUSE. THERE WAS NO BOMB.

THE SAFE HOUSE WAS THE ***SECOND TIME*** YOU DIDN'T HAVE EYES ON ME.

PLEASE, I HAVE--

SNIKT

LET'S PRETEND THIS IS TRUE. WHERE IS THIS BOMB NOW? TO GET TO ME YOU'D HAVE TO HAVE HIDDEN IT IN YOUR...

IMPOSSIBLE. YOU'D HAVE BLED TO DEATH...

I HEAL QUICK.

SIR, THE TRACE IS COMPLETE...

AND HOW ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO TRIGGER--

I'M NOT.

YOU ARE.

SIR?! THE CALL IS BEING REDIRECTED BACK TO SOME SORT OF DEVICE THAT'S IN--

I Shall Be
A Wolf
MATTHEW ROSENBERG - WRITER
JOSHUA CASSARA - ARTIST
GURU-EFX - REDS
VC's CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERER

UPSTATE NEW YORK.

NEAR THE CANADIAN BORDER.

CABIN FEVER

DECLAN SHALVEY - SCRIPT, ART & REDS
VC'S CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERING

GOTTA LOVE THE OPEN ROAD.

CLEAN MOUNTAIN AIR, AIN'T NOTHIN' LIKE IT.

AIN'T NOTHIN' AS COLD.

THE COLD I CAN HANDLE.

MISS THESE TRIPS UP TO THE MOTHERLAND.

SHOULD DO IT MORE, BUT SAVIN' THE WORLD TAKES UP A LOTTA TIME.

BEEN TO THE ***SAVAGE LAND*** MORE TIMES THIS YEAR THAN I'VE BEEN BACK UP NORTH--

SOMETHIN'S UP. CAN HEAR A BABY CRYIN'.

KID'S LUCKY THAT I'VE GOT HEIGHTENED SENSES LIKE THAT.

THE RUB OF IT, THOUGH, IS ***I*** AIN'T SO LUCKY.

LIKE RIGHT NOW, SENSES ARE TELLIN' ME I'M TOO LATE.

WAA! W-WAA!

I SMELL BLOOD.

TOO LATE FOR THESE TWO, THAT'S FOR SURE. STATE TROOPER TOO. DAMN.

BLOOD'S STALE. MUST'VE BEEN HERE A COUPLE HOURS.

WAAAH-AAA!

POOR KID'S THROAT MUST BE RED RAW FROM SCREAMIN' ITS HEAD OFF.

PROBABLY WHY I COULDN'T HEAR THE PENNY DROP.

THE *"PENNY"*...

...BEIN' NINE TRAINED HITMEN OUTSIDE.

STUPID.

WALKED STRAIGHT INTO A TRAP.

A TRAP FOR ME? TOO RANDOM.

EITHER WAY, DON'T LIKE THE LOOK O' THIS.

SORRY, KID. FER YER OWN GOOD.

DON'T SHOOT, THERE'S A--

TATATATATATATATATATATATA

CLEAR!

CLEAR!

ROOM'S CLEAR. HE'S TOAST.

AH HELL, IT'S NOT HIM.

HOLD IT... YOU HEAR THAT? SOUNDS LIKE...CRYIN'?

HOLY CRAP, THERE'S A BABY IN THE OVEN!

WHAT KIND OF SICK--

RRRRRRAAAAARRRRRRGH!

...

SNIKT

ALL I SEE IS RED.

RRRRRRRRGH!

HOLY GOD ABOVE!

JET FUEL BURNIN' THROUGH MY VEINS.

N-N-NO!

NONONONO!

WE HAVE CONTACT.

TEAM TWO, YOU'RE WITH ME.

EYES SHARP. KEEP YOUR--

--HEAD?

THIS COUPLE IS DEAD, AND I DON'T KNOW WHY.

THE KID WILL NEVER KNOW ITS PARENTS.

THE RAGE TAKES OVER.

UNF!

HARD AS I TRY TO STOP THIS...

...NO ONE LEAVES ALIVE.

NO ONE'S WALKIN' OUT THIS DOOR.

NOT IN LESS THAN *TWO PIECES.*

THEY MADE THIS CABIN A TRAP FOR SOMEONE.

BUT WHAT THESE FOOLS DIDN'T COUNT ON...

...WAS BEIN' TRAPPED IN HERE WITH ME.

THAT RAGE... THAT FEVER, BREAKS. THE FOG CLEARS.

SAFE FOR YA NOW, KIDDO.

ANYONE INSIDE THE HOUSE! OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

AND THE PIECES START TO FIT TOGETHER.

GOT A BABY HERE WITH ME, BUB!

I AIN'T A PART OF ALL THIS. NO NEED FOR THE PIECE.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

TAKE A LOOK IN THE MIRROR, PAL...

...NOW PUT HER DOWN!

TROOPER

STATE TROOPER, LIKE THE MAMA INSIDE. HE KNOWS THE KID IS A GIRL, KNOWS THIS FAMILY.

SHOOT OR DON'T, PAL, BUT I AIN'T PUTTIN' THIS BABY IN THE SNOW.

LET'S SEE YOUR HANDS! WHO ELSE IS IN THE DWELLING?

I THINK YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT, OFFICER.

ONLY LIVIN' THING LEFT IS IN MY ARMS RIGHT NOW.

NO...

GOD, NO...NOT THEM.

YEAH. KNOWS THE FAMILY ALL RIGHT.

THE MAN SMELLS O' GUILT.

THEY WERE BAIT FOR SOMEONE, BUT NOT ME.

WHAT HAPPENED, PAL?

TROOPER TOLD ME EVERYTHIN'...

HE'D BEEN ON THE TAKE WITH A SERIOUS CREW HELPING TO SMUGGLE ARMS OVER THE BORDER.

HIS PARTNER FOUND OUT AND MADE HIM QUIT ON HIS DEAL.

THAT CREW WEREN'T SO HAPPY, SO THEY DECIDED TO MAKE A REAL EXAMPLE OUTTA HIM ***AND*** HIS PARTNER. NOW SHE'S LYING ON THE FLOOR INSIDE.

HE GOT WORD OF THE HIT AND CAME HERE TO WARN HER. DIDN'T MAKE IT IN TIME.

I LET HER DOWN. THIS IS ALL MY FAULT.

AIN'T FOR ME TO SAY. YER PARTNER DID RIGHT BY YOU AN' YOU TRIED TO DO RIGHT BY HER.

YOU CHOSE THIS ROAD A WHILE AGO, BUT ***SHE*** PAID THE COST.

SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU HAVE A DEBT TO PAY, BUB.

KID'LL BE OKAY. SHE'S A SURVIVOR NOW.

SHE CAME THROUGH A BLOODBATH WITHOUT A SCRATCH ON HER.

JUST LIKE ME, IN A WAY, ONLY MY SCRATCHES HEAL AFTER I GET 'EM.

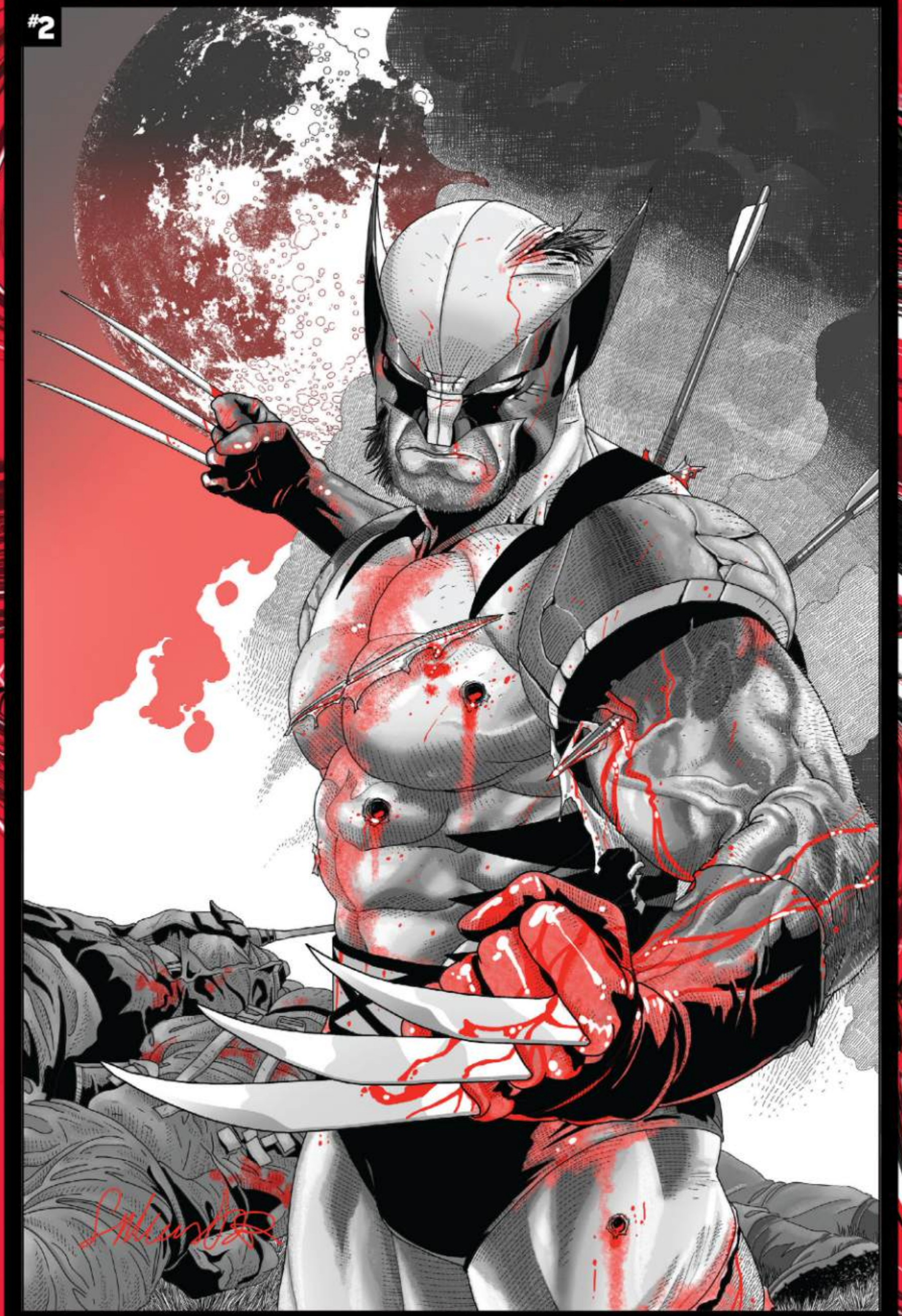
TROOPER

THEN THE FEVER PASSES, THE FOG CLEARS AND I GO BACK INTO THE COLD.

THE COLD I CAN HANDLE.

#1 VARIANT BY Ron Garney

#2



OREGON.

DOCTOR PRICE, BIOCHEMICAL RESEARCHER. CLAIMS HE MIGHT HAVE A WAY TO "SAFELY ELIMINATE THE X-GENE."

CHUCK SENT ME TO SEE HOW FAR ALONG HIS RESEARCH IS, BUT SOMETHING ***SMELLED OFF*** AS SOON AS I SET FOOT IN TOWN.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

VITA AYALA - WRITER *GREG LAND - PENCILER*
JAY LEISTEN - INKER *FRANK D'ARMATA - REDS AND TONES*
VC's CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERER

THE MAN DISAPPEARS, HIS WORK DESTROYED, LEAVING BEHIND A TERRIFIED KID BABBLING ABOUT A MONSTER WITH A MAN'S FACE.

BLOOD. AND IT'S ***HUMAN.***

BUT ***THIS*** ISN'T.

THE KILLER PUNCTURED THE DEER'S INTESTINES, AND THE RANK STINK COVERS ALL OTHER SMELLS.

ALMOST LIKE THEY ***KNEW*** THEY WERE BEIN' HUNTED...

...AND ***WHO*** WAS DOIN' THE HUNTING!

SNIKT

ARGH!

THAT WAS ALMOST *TOO EASY,* LOGAN.

YOU'RE *SLIPPING UP,* OLD MAN.

SABRETOOTH.

I *HATE* BEIN' RIGHT.

WHAT'S THE DOCTOR TO YOU, CREED?

NOTHING. SAME AS ANY HUMAN. JUST A JOB.

BUT MY EMPLOYER HEARD THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE GOOD OLD CHARLES XAVIER WOULD BE SENDING SOMEONE, AND I WANTED TO SEE WHO. IT'S JUST MY GOOD LUCK IT WAS *YOU.*

WHAT'D YOU DO WITH HIM?!

HA! HIS BEGGING GOT BORING, SO I PUT AN END TO IT.

HE MAKES *MUCH* BETTER WORM FOOD THAN HE DID A MAN.

RAAARR

RAAARR

YA SHOULD'VE TURNED THIS ONE DOWN, CREED!

WHAT, AND MISS THE CHANCE TO PLAY CATCH-UP-- HAARRRGH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SABRETOOTH, YOU SCARED OF WHOEVER'S HOLDIN' YOUR LEASH?

THWUD

I HAVE NO *MASTER*, LOGAN. UNLIKE *YOU*.

KRAK

NOW, BE A GOOD DOG--

--AND *PLAY DEAD!*

MURDERIN' A RANDOM MAN TO RUIN MY DAY IS SENSELESS, EVEN FOR YOU, CREED.

YOU UNDERESTIMATE HOW MUCH I LOVE RUINING YOUR DAY, OLD MAN.

AND IF IT PUTS SOME CASH IN MY POCKET, WELL... *WIN-WIN.*

WHO, YOU UGLY SONOVA #@$%&?!

SLOPPY. COULD IT BE THAT OLD AGE IS FINALLY DULLING YOUR EDGE?

I'M FEELING GENEROUS, SO I'LL THROW YOU A BONE, LITTLE DOG.

I GOT AN ENVELOPE WITH A BRICK OF CASH AND A LETTER.

MAKE THE DOCTOR DISAPPEAR, LEAVE THE LAB INTACT, AND THERE WOULD BE MORE MONEY.

I ASSUME WHOEVER SENT THE MESSAGE WANTED HIS RESEARCH FOR THEMSELVES.

THEY TOLD ME TO LEAVE NO TRACE, BUT I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE *MUCH MORE FUN* THIS WAY.

KRAAK

STILL FALLING FOR THE SAME MOVES, EVEN AFTER ALL THIS TIME.

EMBARRASSING.

ARGH!

YOU'RE A FOOL, CREED.

YOU REALLY THINK THE PEOPLE WHO WOULD WORK WITH *YOU* CAN BE TRUSTED WITH THE KEY TO DESTROYING THE X-GENE?

YOU'VE DAMNED US ALL!

IF IT MEANS YOU *DIE* THEN IT WAS WORTH IT!

RRRARH!

THAT... ALL YOU GOT, LOGAN?

BARELY TICKLES.

SOMETHIN'S *OFF* AGAIN.

hnnnnnn hnnnnnn

THAT WHEEZIN' YOU'RE DOIN' DON'T SOUND LIKE GIGGLIN' TO ME, CREED.

ARE YOU SURE IT'S *ME* MAKING THOSE SOUNDS?

I WONDER...

hnnnnnn hnnnnnn

THERE.

IT'S *FAINT,* BUT I HEAR IT AGAIN.

MOANING...BEGGIN' FOR *HELP.* AND I *MISSED IT.*

WHA--!

TO BE FAIR, WHEN I LEFT THE GOOD DOCTOR, HE WAS IN A BAD WAY. SURPRISED HE'S STILL BREATHING...

HE PROBABLY WON'T BE FOR MUCH LONGER, THOUGH. HE WAS ALREADY STARTING TO *SMELL.*

NOW, I HAVE *OTHER THINGS* ON MY TO-DO LIST TONIGHT BEFORE I CAN COLLECT MY PAYDAY. NOTHING AS INTERESTING AS BLOODLETTING, THOUGH, SO I'M *HAPPY* TO GO ANOTHER FEW ROUNDS WITH YOU FIRST IF YOU WANT.

OR YOU COULD GO SEE IF THE GOOD DOCTOR'S STILL UP TO MAKING HOUSE CALLS...

YOUR CHOICE, LITTLE MAN.

GRRRRR...

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

WHAT A GOOD LITTLE DOG.

GO. FETCH.

MAYBE YOU'LL BE *FAST ENOUGH.*

I... THANK YOU.

beep beep
beep
beep
beep beep

I DIDN'T DO IT FOR *YOU.*

YOU THINK PEOPLE LIKE ME ARE A DISEASE TO BE CURED. THAT WE'RE ***LESS THAN*** YOU.

YES, *UH,* WELL, I...I'M SORRY.

I-IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO REPAY YOU?

beep
beep
beep beep
beep beep

FIND A NEW LINE OF RESEARCH, DOC.

FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S SAKE.

CHUCK'LL WANT MORE INFO ON WHO WOULD HIRE SABRETOOTH TO HELP THEM STEAL THE GOOD DOCTOR'S RESEARCH.

I KNOW SABRETOOTH'S LONG GONE BY NOW, BUT HE'S TOO ARROGANT TO COVER HIS TRAIL. I'M BONE TIRED, BUT I CAN'T STOP.

I GOT MORE WORK TO DO.

SEEING RED

SALADIN AHMED - WRITER KEV WALKER - ARTIST
VC'S CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERER

NOT A LOT OF THINGS IN THIS WORLD THAT PUT A SMILE ON MY FACE.

3509

FAMOUS FALAFEL & KABOB

BUT GRILLED MEAT? GRILLED MEAT MAKES ME HAPPY.

THE FOOD'S GOOD HERE, AND THE PEOPLE ARE KIND. THIS IS MY SECOND PLATE OF SHISH KABOB.

BUT NOTHING GOOD LASTS. SOMETHING'S WRONG.

I'M SO SORRY. HE FORCED ME!

THWUNK

WHEN I WAKE, I'M CAPTIVE AND IN MY COSTUME.

C-CONGRATS. DAMN HARD TO DRUG ME.

HARD? I HAD TO FIND SOMETHING ODORLESS AND TASTELESS--NOT JUST TO HUMAN SENSES, BUT TO YOUR UGLY LITTLE SNOOT!

THEN I HAD TO FORCE THOSE NICE PEOPLE TO GIVE YOU ENOUGH TO KILL AN ELEPHANT JUST TO KNOCK YOU OUT FOR A COUPLE HOURS!

THEN I HAD TO WITNESS MISS LOCKE DRESSING YOU IN YOUR *PLAYCLOTHES* FOR OUR LITTLE GAME.

SO MUCH BODY HAIR.

I KNOW YOUR SCENT...GUN OIL AND CIRCUS PEANUTS...

ARCADE!

IN THE FLESH, CHIEF!

WHEN I GET OUTTA HERE, CREEP...

ONLY WAY YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE IS IF YOU WIN THE GAME. YOU KNOW HOW THIS WORKS.

YOU AND YOUR GOOFY LITTLE DEATH TRAPS! I'M NOT GONNA--

SHADDUP AND PAY ATTENTION!

THAT, WOLVERINE, IS THE *TOWER OF TORMENT!*

ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS MAKE IT TO THE TOP BEFORE THE METER FILLS, AND YOU AND THE WAITER WALK OUT OF HERE ALIVE. EASY PEASY!

LET HIM GO, ARCADE. WHATEVER YOU--

CLUNK

STOP FLAPPING YOUR GUMS, AND GET MOVING!

CLANK

I DON'T TRUST ARCADE, NATURALLY, BUT THERE AIN'T A LOT OF COURSES OF ACTION HERE.

AND HIS SCENT TELLS ME HE AIN'T *LYING* EXACTLY--HE ALWAYS MAKES SURE THERE'S A CHANCE TO ESCAPE HIS CRAZY TRAPS.

TZZT

SKRAKKK

SO I PLAY HIS STUPID GAME FOR NOW. FIGURE IT'S THE FASTEST PATH TO CARVING HIM INTO BRIQUETTES.

BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG.

RAAWRR RAAW

WHAT IN BLAZES--?

THAT, WOLVERINE, IS THE *RED DRAGON.*

SEE, EACH TIME YOU KILL ONE OF MY BLACK KNIGHTS, THE METER FILLS EVEN FASTER. ONCE THE METER FILLS COMPLETELY...

...THE MOLTEN LIQUID POURS, AND WAITER BOY BECOMES GRILLED MEAT!

'COURSE, MAYBE YOU CAN MAKE IT TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER WITHOUT LEAVING A TRAIL OF BODIES...

...BUT I WOULDN'T PUT *MY* MONEY ON IT. YOU'RE AN ANIMAL.

A *BEAST.*

I GET PAST ONE WITHOUT KILLING IT.

KRUMP

CLANGK

THEN ANOTHER.

KRUNCH

BUT ARCADE'S RIGHT. I'M A BEAST. AN ANIMAL.

KER SMANKT

I'VE SPENT YEARS STUDYING WITH SAMURAI AND PSYCHICS. LEARNING TO KEEP THE WORST PARTS OF MYSELF IN CHECK.

BUT BENEATH IT ALL, I'M STILL SOMETHING SAVAGE.

WITHOUT EVEN MEANING TO, I SMASH TWO OF THE THINGS.

@#$!

SNIKT

SNIKT

'CAUSE WHEN I'M UP AGAINST THE WALL, THE ANIMAL COMES RIGHT OUT.

ZAKKK

AAARRRGGH!

PAIN FILLS ME, AND THE BEAST THREATENS TO TAKE OVER.

FZZZZZZK

GRRARRR!

NO WAY I CAN REACH THE WAITER WITHOUT DESTROYING THESE THINGS AND FILLING ARCADE'S BLASTED METER.

FHZZZ

IZZKK

FOR A MINUTE I'M NOT SURE I CAN GET PAST 'EM, PERIOD.

BUT THE WAITER--SCARED AND HELPLESS, CAGED BECAUSE OF ME--IS DEAD IF I DON'T COME THROUGH.

SHUNK

SMANKT

K-KZZZZT

AND WHEN I FIND THE STRENGTH TO KEEP PUSHING, IT AIN'T THE ANIMAL IN ME.

IT'S THE *MAN.*

WE'RE BOTH DEAD IF I STICK TO ARCADE'S RULES.

SO I TRY SOMETHING DESPERATE...

SCREEEEEEEEEEE

HRNNNH!

BAWOOMF

UNNNHH!

CRUNCH!

CHEATER!

IT'S DONE, BUB. YOUR LITTLE GAME IS OVER.

CHARK

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

CHNNKT

SNIFF SNIFF

SNIKT

AIN'T TRYIN' TO.

RAAAAAAAA

NOT A LOT OF THINGS IN THIS WORLD THAT PUT A SMILE ON MY FACE.

GUTTIN' ARCADE DOES THE JOB.

SHRANNK

BUT NOTHING GOOD LASTS. IT'S FAKE.

K-KZZZZT!

ANOTHER DAMN ROBOT.

Dmgk

YOU OKAY?

I-- I DIDN'T WANT TO POISON YOU! HE...HE THREATENED TO KILL MY PARENTS!

KID'S NAME IS NABEEL. HE'LL HAVE NIGHTMARES ABOUT THIS FOR MONTHS, AND IT'S MY FAULT.

STE of LEB

BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO FOR HIM EXCEPT WALK AWAY.

SO THAT'S WHAT I DO.

AND DAMN IT IF I'M NOT HUNGRY AGAIN.

I'M *LOGAN.*

'CAUSE O' THE CLAWS, MOST KNOW ME AS THE *WOLVERINE.*

HERE IN *MADRIPOOR,* I TRY TO BE DIFFERENT.

NOT A MUTANT, NOT AN X-MAN--JUST A GUY THAT MOST IN THESE PARTS KNOW AS *PATCH.*

WHO HANGS AT THE *PRINCESS BAR* IN LOWTOWN, KNOWS ALL THE WRONG KINDA FOLKS--

--AN' EVERY SO OFTEN GETS INTO TROUBLE.

GAL BY MY SIDE IS *KATE PRYDE.* IN THESE PARTS, SHE PREFERS *CAT.*

I'VE KNOWN HER PRETTY MUCH HER WHOLE LIFE.

LIKE ME, MUTANT AN' "X."

LIKE ME, AS DANGEROUS AS THEY COME.

LIKE ME, FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE--

--AN' *LOSING.*

Do we die today?

BY *CHRIS CLAREMONT & SALVADOR LARROCA*
VC's CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERER

WE'RE IN MADRIPOOR HIGHTOWN, ATOP *2K*--THE TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD--OVER TWO KLICKS HIGH.

HOW SAD THE PAIR OF YOU LOOK...

...AS YOU STARE *DEATH* IN THE FACE.

WOMAN CALLS HERSELF *SANZU*--

--NAMED FOR THE *RIVER OF THREE CROSSINGS*...

...LOCAL VERSION OF THE *RIVER STYX.*

IN YOUR DREAMS, LADY.

WHAT'CHA GONNA DO, LITTLE GIRL?

YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR US.

THE MORE YOU FIGHT...

...THE MORE YOU BLEED.

I HATE BLEEDING--

--ALMOST AS MUCH AS THE OLD MAN AND I HATE LOSING.

SHE'S THE ONE WHO BRINGS LIFE TO ITS END.

YOU'VE TRIED SO HARD TO SAVE YOUR FRIEND.

YET ALL YOU CAN DO NOW IS WATCH...

...WHILE I CLAIM THE SOUL OF ***TYGER TIGER.***

HELPLESS TO STOP ME BECAUSE I'VE ***STOLEN AWAY*** YOUR PRECIOUS ***POWERS.***

FEAR NOT--YOU'RE ***NEXT.***

TYGER RUNS THE LOCAL UNDERWORLD.

SEEMS LIKE SOMEONE HAS A PROBLEM WITH THAT.

MUSCLE CALLS HIMSELF ***"BEASTY-BRUTE."***

THEN LET THOSE FEEBLE WORDS...

...SERVE AS YOUR EPITAPH.

HIS PAL'S ***"SOULSCREAM."***

SCREW YOU--

PRYDE-- *DON'T!*

OH, *CRAP!*

NORMALLY, CAT *PHASES* THROUGH OBJECTS.

SHE'D MAKE HER HAND *INTANGIBLE* AN' REACH INSIDE FOR THE MAN'S HEART.

NOT THIS TIME.

SOULSCREAM DOES WHAT HIS NAME IMPLIES.

HE GRABS HOLD.

CAT SCREAMS.

HE LAUGHS.

BRUTE'S TURN.

PUNCH BREAKS BONES.

GIRL SPITS BLOOD.

SHE GOES FLYING--

--RIGHT INTO SANZU'S ARMS.
DON'T RESIST, MY PET.
NO--
LEAVE HER ALONE!
IS THAT A THREAT--
--NOW, WHAT WAS IT THE GIRL CALLED YOU? OH YES-- "OLD MAN"!
HOW FITTING.
CAN'T YOU SEE HOW HELPLESS YOU ARE?
FIGHT ALL YOU WANT.
MY WOUNDS HEAL INSTANTLY.
YOURS SIMPLY-- BLEED.
SOULSCREAM'S RIGHT--WITHOUT MY HEALING FACTOR, MY WOUNDS ARE TAKING THEIR TOLL. I'M SLOWING DOWN, LOSING STRENGTH. LIKE IT OR NOT, HE'S KILLING ME.
SURPRISE!
WHAM

KILLER HIT.

BUT MY ADAMANTIUM-LACED BONES DON'T BREAK. NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE GRATEFUL FOR THAT.

STILL STUNNED, JUST FOR A MOMENT.

THAT'S ALL THE TIME SOULSCREAM NEEDS.

THESE THREE FIGURE CAT 'N' ME, WE'RE HELPLESS.

SURPRISE-- THIS IS WHEN WE'RE MOST ***DANGEROUS.***

FOLKS CALL US HEROES.

TRUTH IS, THAT'S HOW WE ***ACT***--

--NOT WHO WE ***ARE.***

CAT CHOSE HER TAG, SHADOWCAT--

--AFTER BEING TRAINED BY A MAN I CONSIDERED MY FRIEND...

...TO BE JUST LIKE HIM:

...A ***MASTER ASSASSIN.***

HER FIRST JOB WAS TO KILL ***ME.***

I GOT BETTER.

SO DID SHE.

BUT SHE NEVER FORGOT WHAT SHE WAS TAUGHT.

FOLKS CALL ME ***SCARY.***

NOT COMPARED TO CAT.

WATCH OUT, SANZU--

OH GOSH, I BOPPED YOU INTO YOUR PAL!

CAN YOU HANDLE ABSORBING TYGER, ME--*AND* BEASTY?

GUESS NOT.

HEY!

PATCH-- CHECK THIS OUT!

PLAN WORKED-- MY POWER'S *ACTIVE!*

YUP.

SILLY MAN.

DID YOU FORGET?

MY POWER IS MUCH LIKE YOURS.

YOU CUT, I HEAL.

WEAK AS YOU ARE, I CAN STILL TAKE YOU DOWN BEFORE YOU RECOVER ENOUGH TO BE A REAL THREAT.

YOU THINK?

SNAK!

GOTTA HIT ME FIRST, BUB.

AS FAR AS THE WORLD KNOWS, THE WOLVERINE'S A BLUNT-FORCE WEAPON.

THEY'RE WRONG.

I'M WAY *MORE 'N* THAT.

FACT IS, I'M THE *BEST* THERE IS...

...AT WHAT I DO--

--AND WHAT I DO BEST...

...ISN'T VERY NICE.

HEAL THIS!

SNIKT!

OUCH!

THAT HAS GOTTA HURT!

HE'LL RECOVER--

--BUT HE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER HOW IT FELT.

OR HE'LL DIE.

EITHER WAY WORKS FOR ME.

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

YOU WERE BOTH SO TERRIBLY HURT.

PATCH, I UNDERSTAND.

BUT YOU, CAT--

KID AN' I HAVE A *LOT* IN COMMON. SHE'LL BE FINE.

UP YOURS, OLD MAN, THAT STILL HURT.

YOU WON THIS ROUND, TYGER.

WHAT COMES NEXT?

I TEACH A LESSON OF MY OWN.

REMIND ME NEVER TO PISS YOU OFF, LADY.

BACK AT THE ***PRINCESS BAR***, WHERE, FOR CAT AN' ME, THIS ALL STARTED...

AS I SAID, THOSE WHO CHALLENGE ME MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON.

AS PATCH DID WITH SOULSCREAM.

NEED ANY MORE HELP?

WE SHALL SEE.

THANK YOU FOR COMING TO MY AID.

THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS DO, DARLIN'.

WE DON'T HAVE MANY FRIENDS, Y'SEE, OUTSIDE THE X-COMMUNITY.

NOT MUCH OF A LIFE, REALLY-- ANYMORE.

THAT'S WHY THIS PLACE--THIS CRAZY ISLAND-- MATTERS.

AT LEAST, TO ME.

MOST TIMES IN THIS TOWN, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING A HERO.

JUST BEING-- HAPPY.

THEN STAY A WHILE LONGER, BOTH OF YOU--

--SO WE CAN HAVE OURSELVES SOME ***FUN!***

WORKS FOR ***US!***

FIN.

#1 VARIANT BY TONY DANIEL & MARCELO MAIOLO

#3

I'M NEARLY IMMORTAL. MY LIFE'S PRETTY MUCH ETERNAL. AN EXISTENCE ETCHED ON THE BACK OF AN OUROBOROS.

ON THIS DAY, I FIGHT KENUICHIO-- THE SILVER SAMURAI. I'LL FIGHT HIM FIVE MONTHS FROM NOW.

OR MAYBE A YEAR FROM NOW. JUST LIKE I FOUGHT HIM A YEAR AGO.

IT'S ALL VERY MUCH THE SAME...

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

32 WARRIORS AND A BROKEN HEART

JOHN RIDLEY - WRITER JORGE FORNÉS - ART AND REDS VC's CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERER

...EXCEPT FOR THE WAY IT'S SO VERY *DIFFERENT.*

THIS TIME I FIGHT FOR OUR DAUGHTER, AMIKO.

AMIKO BECAME *MY* DAUGHTER WHEN AMIKO'S BIRTH MOTHER, DYING, BEGGED ME TO CARE FOR HER CHILD.

AMIKO BECAME *OUR* DAUGHTER WHEN I ASKED MY LOVE, MARIKO, TO HELP ME FULFILL THAT PROMISE.

WE SWORE TO RAISE AMIKO AS THOUGH SHE WERE OUR OWN.

BUT...I WAS OCCUPIED WITH THE X-MEN. MARIKO HAD HER OWN LIFE TO LIVE.

SO WE SENT AMIKO TO A BOARDING SCHOOL IN YAMAGUCHI.

AT SCHOOL, AMIKO WAS SURROUNDED BY TEACHERS AND TUTORS AND PEOPLE TO LOOK AFTER HER...SHE HAD EVERYTHING.

WELL...EVERYTHING EXCEPT A ***FAMILY.*** DESPITE GOOD INTENTIONS, MARIKO AND I WERE FAIRLY ABSENT.

IN OUR ABSENCE, AMIKO WAS VISITED WITH ***TERROR.***

MARIKO'S BROTHER, KENUICHIO, KIDNAPPED AMIKO.

A MEANS TO PUNISH BOTH MARIKO AND ME FOR HAVING STOOD AGAINST HIS VARIOUS CRIMINAL ENTERPRISES.

IN THE NIGHT, MARIKO AND I ARRIVED TO KENUICHIO.

IN A VOICE FULL OF MALICE, HE TOLD US HE'D TAKEN AMIKO BECAUSE WE'D BEEN NEGLIGENT PARENTS. WE DIDN'T DESERVE A DAUGHTER.

HOWEVER, IF WE COULD PROVE OURSELVES WORTHY BY DEFEATING HIS ***32 WARRIORS,*** ON HIS WORD, HE'D RETURN AMIKO TO US.

NINJAS ATTACKED FIRST. THIRTEEN OF THEM, EMERGING FROM THE DARKNESS.

THEY STRUCK USING SUBTERFUGE AND SHURIKENS AND BLADES.

BUT THEY WERE MEANT TO WEAR US DOWN AS MUCH AS TO KILL US. SHORTLY, HOWEVER, THEY WERE DEAD.

NEXT WE WERE RUSHED BY TEN *RONIN.*

MASTERLESS WARRIORS DESIROUS OF PROVING THEIR WORTH AND RECEIVING SAMURAI STATUS.

THESE TEN FOUGHT WITH THE DESPERATION OF THOSE SEEKING VALIDATION.

BUT THEIR DESPERATION AS WARRIORS WAS NO MATCH FOR OURS AS PARENTS-- THEIR QUEST FOR STATUS ENDING WITH INDIGNITY.

DARKNESS GAVE WAY TO THE FIRST RAYS OF THE NEW MORNING SUN, AND THE ARRIVAL OF SIX ***SOHEI***--BUDDHIST WARRIOR MONKS.

THOUGH ARMED WITH BO STAFFS AND YARIS, THEIR GREATEST WEAPON WAS THEIR SENSE OF MORAL SUPERIORITY.

WHATEVER CAUSE THE *SOHEI* CHOSE WAS ALWAYS--THEY BELIEVED--*"JUST"* AND *"RIGHT."*

THEIR SENSE OF CERTITUDE MADE THEM NEARLY UNSTOPPABLE.

NEARLY... BUT NOT COMPLETELY.

WITH THE SOHEI FELLED, WE WERE CHALLENGED BY A PAIR OF ***SAMURAI***--THE MOST MASTERFUL OF SWORDSMEN WITH A DISREGARD FOR SPILLING BLOOD AND TAKING LIVES.

THERE WERE JUST TWO OF THEM. YET THEY HELD THEIR GROUND FROM THE DAY...

...INTO THE EVENING.

ONE MANAGED TO WOUND MARIKO, BUT NOT FATALLY SO.

WHEN THE SAMURAI HAD BEEN BEATEN, I TOOK NO SATISFACTION. ONLY THE REGRET THAT SUCH SKILL SHOULD BE WASTED IN SERVICE OF A CORRUPT CAUSE.

SO THEN KENUICHIO ATTACKED. WE FOUGHT.

THE SAME AS I'LL FIGHT HIM FIVE MONTHS FROM NOW. OR MAYBE A YEAR FROM NOW.

THE SAME AS I FOUGHT HIM A YEAR AGO. IT'S ALL THE SAME.

THE OUTCOME INEVITABLE.

KENUICHIO WAS BEATEN.

BUT WE'D ONLY FOUGHT 31 WARRIORS.

WE STILL HAD TO FACE THE THIRTY-SECOND, AND UNDOUBTEDLY KENUICHIO'S FIERCEST WARRIOR.

EXHAUSTED. WEARY. I PREPARED MYSELF TO FIGHT. BUT I COULDN'T HAVE PREPARED MYSELF FOR...

...AMIKO.

BLADE IN HAND, SHE RAGED FOR A LONG MOMENT ABOUT HOW MARIKO AND I CALLED HER FAMILY, BUT ABANDONED HER.

SHE SPOKE IN A PAINED VOICE ABOUT HOW SHE'D HEARD STORIES OF THE WOLVERINE LITERALLY FIGHTING GODS AND MONSTERS. AND YET...

AND YET, HE HAD NO TIME TO DO THE ONE THING THAT TRULY MAKES A MAN A MAN--BEING A FATHER TO HIS CHILD.

I WOULD HAVE SAID KENUICHIO'S PLAN WAS TO BRAINWASH AMIKO, AND TURN HER AGAINST US. MAYBE TO A DEGREE HE HAD.

BUT EVERY WORD AMIKO SPOKE WAS TRUTH. SHE COULDN'T HAVE HURT ME MORE IF SHE'D TRIED.

AND THEN SHE TRIED.

BUT HOW COULD I FIGHT OUR CHILD? ALL THAT WOULD BECOME OF OUR GRIEVANCES IS DEATH.

SNIKT!

IF SO...LET IT BE MINE.

IN PASSING, THERE IS, FOR THE SURVIVOR, GRIEF AND REGRET. HAVING EXPENDED HER RAGE, AMIKO FELT BOTH EMOTIONS.

BUT, AS ALWAYS WITH HUMAN NATURE, WE REALIZE TRUTHS TOO LATE.

AMIKO REALIZED, WHILE JUSTIFIED IN HER ANGER, SHE WAS WRONG TO ***HATE.*** HATE DOES NOTHING. HATE EARNS NOTHING AND LEAVES BEHIND NO SATISFACTION. ONLY GUILT.

EXCEPT, YOU KNOW... I'M *NOT* HUMAN. PARTS OF ME AREN'T OF NATURE.

WHAT IS OF HUMAN NATURE IS TO FORGIVE.

BUT ALL WASN'T NECESSARILY GOOD. WHEN SHE'D DRIVEN THE BLADE THROUGH ME, AMIKO NICKED MY HEART. MY ONE ORGAN SLOW TO HEAL.

I'M ONLY *NEARLY* IMMORTAL. MY LIFE'S ONLY PRETTY MUCH ETERNAL. I NEEDED REST. I NEEDED RECOVERY. I WOULD TAKE THAT RECOVERY WITH MY...

...WELL, LET'S CALL US A FAMILY.

END.

A FEW YEARS BACK...

SOME RANDOM BAR THAT'S ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED...

TRADR

DAM

I LOVE THIS BA

GLICK GLICK GLICK

DNK

SNFF SNFF

CASTLE?

WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED...

YOU REALLY ARE THE BEST AT THIS @#$%, *HUH?*

I'D 'A THOUGHT WITH ALL MY COSMIC POWER AND GOING TO HELL AND TRAVELING THROUGH TIME, YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SNIFF ME OUT.

BUT... DAMN, MAN.

"FRANK, YOU SMELL LIKE HATE, VENGEANCE, AND... HOT DOGS."

GLUG GLUG

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

MAN, BACK, LIKE, A MILLION YEARS AGO, WE USED TO HAVE THESE POKER NIGHTS. YOU AND THE THING AND GAMBIT AND SOME OTHERS--

YEAH, WE HAVE THOSE NOW...

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

"THAT'D BE THE GHOST RIDER FLAMES. YEAH. THAT'D DO IT."

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?"

AH, WELL...

IT'S PRETTY COMPLICATED. I'M FROM THE FUTURE.

WELL... A FUTURE. I GUESS. I DON'T EVEN KNOW ANYMORE.

ANYWAY, YOU USED TO TELL US ABOUT THIS EPIC FIGHT YOU HAD.

TONIGHT. AT THIS BAR.

ALWAYS

HAPPY HO

SO I THOUGHT, @#$% IT. AS LONG AS I'M FORREST GUMP-ING MY WAY THROUGH TIME, I MIGHT AS WELL CHECK IT OUT.

WHAT FIGHT? AGAINST WHO? I DON'T SMELL ANYONE COM--

RUMBLE

BOOM

WOLVERINE!

KRSH

THAK

THAK

THAK

THUNK

KRSSH!

DAMMIT! HOW DID I NOT SENSE THAT--

IT'S THAT GUY, BY THE WAY. JUGGERNAUT. THE BIG RED DUDE WHO CAME THROUGH THE WALL. THAT'S THE GUY YOU TOLD THE STORY ABOUT.

YOU JUST GONNA SIT THERE, *HUH?*

HEY, MAN...

...NOT MY STORY.

SNIKT

GRAHH!

NOBODY STOPS THE JUGGERNAUT!

OOF!

THOOM

GLUG GLUG

BMFF

THAK

OW!

CHOOM

SMASH

ALWAY

...

HA

OL

HMM.

THAT'S...

THAT'S NOT HOW THE STORY WENT.

WAIT...DID I @#$$% THIS UP BY BEING HERE?

AH... @##$%, I DID.

IN THE STORY, OL' CLAWS OVER THERE WAS ABLE TO SENSE JUGGERNAUT. HE WAS READY FOR HIM.

BUT THIS TIME HE COULDN'T... BECAUSE OF ME.

BECAUSE I SMELL LIKE VENGEANCE...

...HATE...

...AND HOT DOGS.

BAR

VWASSHH

DUNK

THE HELL...?

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT NOTHING CAN STOP THE JUGGERNAUT!

OH YEAH?

AND THAT BLAST I HIT YOU WITH? THAT'D BE THE *POWER COSMIC*. SO IF YOU'RE NOT FEELING QUITE UP TO FULL POWER, THAT'D BE WHY.

BAR

YEAH. DON'T WEAR YOURSELF OUT, BIG GUY. THESE CHAINS ARE MADE OF THE BONES OF CYTTORAK. I'M SURE YOU'RE FAMILIAR.

KTHOOM

YOU TALK TOO MUCH.

KRAK

SNIKT

GAHH!

GET OFF.

FWIP

CRACKED MY ARMOR...WHAT THE HELL--

CYTTORAK CHAINS, *HUH?* THAT RIGHT?

HEY...MIND IF I BORROW THOSE FOR A SEC?

THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK...

KHACT

ON YOUR BACK, OUT-MATCHED, HEALING FACTOR DOWN...

BEEN THERE MYSELF, BUB.

LET ME HELP YOU SLEEP THIS ONE OFF...

N-NO...

WRNCCH

WHAT'S THAT, JUGGY? CAN'T HEAR YOU!

AGHHHH!

N-NO... PLEASE...

C-CAN'T-- DO THIS-- TO--

DAMN.

HERE.

MEDICINE.

THANKS.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. AND, BY THE WAY, WHEN YOU TELL THIS STORY, FEEL FREE TO--

I TOOK HIS ASS DOWN SINGLE-HANDED. WAY AHEAD OF YA, BUB.

SO... YOU'RE FROM THE FUTURE, *EH?* CAN I ASK YOU--

NOPE. SORRY, MAN. I DON'T DO THAT.

NAH, NAH... I DON'T CARE HOW I DIE OR ANYTHING... FIGURE IT'LL BE BAD EITHER WAY...I JUST...

DOES THIS...

...DOES IT EVER GET ANY EASIER?

NO.

BUT YOU GET BETTER AT IT BEING BAD.

AND JUST... I'LL SAY THIS... YOU GET A CHANCE TO BURN OUT OR FADE AWAY...?

YOU @#$%&%$ ***BURN,*** BABY.

KLINK

BURN.

DONNY CATES - WRITER
CHRIS BACHALO - ARTIST
VC's CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERER

THIS IS IT?
I AM NOT IMPRESSED.
THIS IS IT.
KIDS THESE DAYS. YOU'RE JADED, ALL OF YOU.
WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE...
...I'D 'A KILLED TO GO TO MARS.
AT THE AGE YOU WERE PLAYING WITH TOY SOLDIERS, I WAS BEING EDUCATED IN TORMENT AND SORCERY BY DEMONS.
HOW CAN THIS COMPARE TO THE HORRORS AND BEAUTY OF LIMBO?
THE GIRL WHO HAS EVERYTHING.

ARE YOU GOOD? DO YOU NEED MY HELP?

NAH. I GOT IT FROM HERE.

GOOD. BECAUSE I AM A BUSY WOMAN.

BUSY? DOING WHAT?

I AM VERY POPULAR.

I WILL RETURN IN 30 MINUTES. DO NOT BE LATE.

I'LL BE HERE.

AND BRING ME BACK A PRESENT!

MARS.

A GREEN JUNGLE ON A RED PLANET. A GARDEN, CREATED BY ALIEN GODS, STILL LITTERED WITH THEIR TOYS.

AND THEIR *WEAPONS.*

LIKE THE ORIGIN BOMBS.

FORCED EVOLUTION ACCELERANTS. CAUSED ENOUGH CHAOS AND DEATH WHEN IT WAS THEM ALIEN GODS FIRING THEM OFF...

...BUT WHEN YOU GOT MERE MORTALS FIDDLING WITH THEM FOR MAXIMUM DESTRUCTION?

LIKE LEAVING HAND GRENADES AROUND THE HOUSE WHEN YOU GOT A TODDLER.

M.A.I.M.

MARTIAN ADVANCED IDEAS MECHANICS. SPLINTER GROUP OF A.I.M., WHO RATTED THESE PRODIGAL SONS OUT TO ME.

ABANDONING EARTH FOR MARS TO START SOME WACKO NEW SOCIETY.

WHICH, NORMALLY, WOULD BE NONE OF MY NEVER MIND.

BUT THEY'RE MESSING WITH THE GARDENER'S TECHNOLOGY. GOING TO LAUNCH A STRIKE. ON ***EARTH.***

SO HERE I AM IN MY OLD X-FORCE GRAY-AND-BLACKS TO SORT IT ALL OUT.

WHY'RE THEY ATTACKING ***EARTH*** WHEN THEY HAVE A PERFECTLY GOOD ***WHOLE NEW WORLD*** TO BE CRAZY IN?

WHO THE HELL KNOWS WITH THESE PEOPLE.

JAMOKES.

WAIT.

HOW IN THE HELL'D *YOU* SNEAK UP ON *ME*--

NO FLIES ON *THESE* BOYS.

STEALTH SYSTEM ON THEIR ASSASSIN ROBOT. THEY BROUGHT SOME OF THEIR ***OWN*** TOYS WITH THEM.

GENTLEMEN, OUR NEW EDEN HAS A SNAKE IN IT *ALREADY.*

MIND YOUR METAPHORS. I THOUGHT WE AGREED THAT OUR NEW MARTIAN SOCIETY WOULD BE STRICTLY *ATHEIST.*

LOOK UPON THIS AS A HAPPY COINCIDENCE, GENTLEMEN. OUR NEW SOCIETY WILL BE *DEDICATED* WITH WOLVERINE'S *BLOOD.*

LET HIM BE THE CHAMPAGNE WE BREAK UPON OUR NEW WORLD.

A--

--HEFF--

--*ROBOT?* I'M *INSULTED.*

NOT *JUST* A ROBOT. A *DEATH'S HEAD.*

AN A.I.M. DESIGN FROM ANOTHER *DIMENSION,* BROUGHT TO EARTH BY THE *HULK* DURING HIS INVASION.

YOU KNOW HOW MANY ROBOTS I'VE CARVED UP OVER THE YEARS, PAL? YOU PICKED--

SPOKK

CAN YOU DO IT *BLIND,* WOLVERINE?

YEAAARGHH!

FOUR GUYS AND A ROBOT. SIMPLE BUSINESS, I THOUGHT.

GOT OVERCONFIDENT.

I PROPOSE WE ALLOW OUR ROBOT TO BEAT WOLVERINE TO DEATH IN LEISURELY FASHION, AS AN APERITIF TO THE DESTRUCTION OF EARTH. GENTLEMEN?

AGREED.

AGREED.

AGREED.

CAN'T *SEE.*

STEALTH SYSTEM ON THE ROBOT MEANS I CAN'T ***SNIFF*** IT OUT, CAN'T ***HEAR*** IT COMING FOR ME--

KLONK

ARGHH!

EYES'LL GROW BACK.

BUT IF I DON'T GET A LUCKY ONE IN, THIS THING'LL ***TAKE ME APART*** BEFORE THAT.

RRAAGHH!

YOU SHOULD BE ON OUR SIDE, WOLVERINE.

MUTANTS DID AN *END RUN* ON HUMANS IN *THEIR* EVOLUTIONARY LEAP...

...WE'RE JUST DOING THE *SAME THING.*

BUT AT A *SOCIETAL* LEVEL. A *PLANETARY* LEVEL.

WITH *FOUR GUYS?* YOU GOT TO BE--

KLONK

WHOUFF!

WE FOUR HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY CHOSEN.

EACH OF US IS THE *IDEAL BUILDING BLOCK* FOR A *NEW CIVILIZATION.*

WITH OUR CLONE FARM, WE WILL FORM THE FOUR CASTES OF THE *NEW HUMAN CAPITAL* OF THE SOL SYSTEM.

THAT'S IT.

WE'VE RUN THE NUMBERS. OUR MARTIAN SOCIETY WILL BE *CLEAN, EFFICIENT, IDEAL.*

NONE OF THE *MESS* AND *CHAOS* OF THE OLD EARTH.

GO ON. KEEP TALKIN'.

WE'RE DOING WHAT HUMAN AND MUTANT COULD NOT.
MAKING A PERFECT
HEH.
WHAT?
RAAAGH!
SHRAACKK

HOW?

IMPOSSIBLE.

BUT THE ***STEALTH SYSTEM***-- YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DETECT--

YEAH.

REAL GOOD WORK THERE. REAL GOOD SYSTEM. EATS UP SOUND AND SPITS OUT SILENCE.

BUT YOU HAD TO KEEP ON ***TALKING***, DIDN'T YOU? AND WHEN THE ROBOT WAS BETWEEN ME AND YOU, I COULDN'T ***HEAR*** YOU TALKIN' ANYMORE.

AND THEN I ***KNEW WHERE IT WAS.***

SO TELL ME THIS. WITH A WHOLE PLANET TO YOURSELVES, WHY TRY AND KILL THE EARTH?

WE HAD TO.

WE HAD TO BE THE ONLY ONES LEFT.

LATER.

DID YOU HAVE FUN?

HERE'S YOUR PRESENT.

LIMITED EDITION. ONE OF FOUR.

OH! I LOVE IT!

MAYBE ***WE*** OUGHT TO MOVE OUT HERE.

ALL THE MUTANTS. HAVE A PLACE FOR OUR ***OWN.***

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

ENH.

AND ***WHO*** WOULD THEY EXPECT TO FERRY EVERYONE TO MARS, DAY ***IN,*** DAY ***OUT?*** WHY, ILLYANA, ***OF COURSE.***

AS IF I AM NOT BUSY ENOUGH!

YEAH. I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

RED PLANET BLUES

JED MACKAY - WRITER
JESÚS SAIZ - ARTIST
VC's CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERER

#1 HIDDEN GEM VARIANT BY HOWARD CHAYKIN & ANDRES MOSSA

#4

SOMEWHERE IN TOKYO.

BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE MARIKO LEFT ME AT THE ALTAR. FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN THREE MINUTES...AND SOMEHOW ALSO A LIFETIME.

THE SHARP ACHE HAS FADED...BUT A NEW KIND OF HOLLOWNESS HAS SETTLED IN.

ACTUALLY, IT'S AN OLD KIND OF HOLLOWNESS. ONE I THOUGHT I'D FINALLY LEFT BEHIND.

TRYING TO DROWN THAT OLD FEELING PRETTY HARD. AND FOR ME, THAT TAKES A LOT.

CLOSED DOWN WHAT FEELS LIKE EVERY BAR IN TOKYO...WELL, GOT THROWN OUT OF A FEW TOO. THERE WERE SOME FIGHTS, AN' I'M FAIRLY SURE I WASN'T ALWAYS THE HERO.

NOT MY BEST DAY.

ALSO NOT MY WORST, SORRY TO SAY.

SNIFF

THE ART OF LOSS

KELLY THOMPSON - WRITER
KHARY RANDOLPH - ART/REDS
VC's CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERS

EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS STORY TAKES PLACE SHORTLY AFTER UNCANNY X-MEN #173.

ALL I KNOW IS, YOU AIN'T HIM...

...AN' IF YA WANNA TUSSLE, YA BETTER BE SOMETHING MORE DANGEROUS THAN CREED.

OH, I AM.

MYSTIQUE.

WHERE'S ROGUE?

I'M IN NO MOOD FOR THIS RIGHT NOW, MYSTIQUE.

THEN THE X-MEN SHOULDN'T HAVE STOLEN MY DAUGHTER.

WHERE IS SHE?

DON'T KNOW. AND IF I DID, I WOULDN'T TELL YA. GIRL'S MADE HER CHOICE, MYSTIQUE--FOR NOW, AT LEAST.

YOU WANT A NICKEL'S WORTH OF FREE ADVICE?

WELL, YOU'RE GETTIN' IT.

NO.

LET IT RUN ITS COURSE, MYSTIQUE. ROGUE'LL COME BACK TO YOU. MAYBE NOT TO THE BROTHERHOOD,* BUT AS YOUR ***DAUGHTER.*** YOU PUSH IT AND...YOU MAY LOSE HER FOREVER.

*THE BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL MUTANTS, WHICH MYSTIQUE LEADS AT THIS POINT! --MB

TAKE IT FROM SOMEONE THAT JUST LOST EVERYTHING.

WHERE IS SHE?!

WHAK

LAST WARNING. WE DO THIS TONIGHT AND I'M LIABLE TO KILL YOU.

I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY.

SNIKT

SWISH

SKKRRRKEEE

HRRRKKK

TK CHINGG

THWACK

KRACK

HNNNNG

WHACK

CRUNCH

ARGGGGH!

I'LL CARVE THE ANSWER FROM YOUR BONES IF I MUST!

HNNNG!

HRRRRKKK

BLAM BLAM

RARRRGGHHH!
GASP

HRRRK

...

YOU ARE LETTING HER GO?

YEAH.

I AM SURPRISED AND ALSO IMPRESSED. I ONLY CAUGHT THE END OF THIS... DISAGREEMENT.

WHAT DID SHE WANT?

SHE'S HURTIN'. LOSING ROGUE HAS CUT HER DEEP.

AN' MORE THAN USUAL, I FIND I CAN RELATE.

LOSS IS A STRONG MOTIVATOR...BUT ONE THAT IS HARD TO TRUST. MAY I WALK YOU HOME?

HOME? NIGHT'S STILL YOUNG, 'RORO.

THAT IS DEMONSTRABLY FALSE, LOGAN.

WELL, THERE'S GOTTA BE A FEW BARS LEFT IN THIS CITY I AIN'T FOUND YET.

MAY I JOIN YOU, THEN?

...YEAH. I COULD USE A FRIEND.

REAVE WHAT YOU SOW

ED BRISSON - STORY LEONARD KIRK - ART ANDRES MOSSA - REDS/TONES
VC's CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERS

TWO DAYS AGO, A GROUP CALLING THEMSELVES ***THE REAVERS*** HIT THE HOAN INTERNATIONAL BANK IN SINGAPORE.*

HOAN INTERNATIONAL AIN'T THE ***BIGGEST*** FINANCIAL FISH IN ALL OF SINGAPORE, BUT SURE AS HELL IS THE ***FLASHIEST.*** CUTTING-EDGE SECURITY, IMPENETRABLE VAULTS, BLACK-OPS TRAINED GUARDS.

YOU WON'T FIND A ***SAFER*** PLACE FOR YOUR MONEY.

BUT ONE TRUTH I'VE LEARNED THE ***HARD WAY:***

SOON AS YOU START TO FEEL SAFE, SOMEONE'S BOUND TO SURFACE WITH THE AIM TO SHOW THAT YOU'RE ***ANYTHING BUT.***

*THIS STORY TAKES PLACE AFTER UNCANNY X-MEN #229. --ED

THE X-MEN CAUGHT UP WITH THE REAVERS BACK AT THEIR HIDEOUT IN AUSTRALIA, HANDED THEM THEIR ASSES...

...HOWEVER, TURNS OUT THEY HAD A ***B SQUAD*** HITTING THE SMALLER, LESS FLASHY BANKS AROUND SINGAPORE.

MILLIONS STOLEN. THIRTY INNOCENT PEOPLE DEAD.

SAME NIGHT, SOME RICH OIL TYCOON WITH MORE MONEY THAN CLASS REPORTS HIS SUPER YACHT STOLEN FROM SINGAPORE SUNRISE MARINA.

DECIDED TO FOLLOW UP ON MY OWN.

THOSE THIRTY DEAD ***DEMAND*** SPILLED BLOOD...

...AND I DON'T NEED THE REST OF THE TEAM TRYING TO ***STOP ME.***

DOLLARS TO DONUTS, I'M GONNA FIND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND A BUNCH OF ***HALF MAN, HALF MACHINE HOOLIGANS*** WHO GET THEIR KICKS OUT OF PREYING ON THOSE ***WEAKER*** THAN THEMSELVES ON BOARD.

BUT...

...THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE BIGGER...

...AND ***MEANER.***

SNIKT

HEY, HERRIMAN...

...WHERE THE HELL DID THIS *DINGHY* COME FROM?

WAIT--

WOLVERINE!

DAMMIT-- SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT RAT WOULD COME SNIFFIN' AFTER WHAT THE X-MEN DID TO THE REST OF THE TEAM.

ANGELO MACON...IS THERE A CYBORG THE REAVERS *WON'T* TAKE INTO THEIR LITTLE CLUB?

SHOOOM

YOU MOCK, BUT THE REAVERS ARE THE FUTURE AND THE END OF YOUR KIND.

SPLSH

THAT WAS *ANTI-CLIMACTIC.*

THE REAVERS ARE THE FUTURE, BOSS. LIKE YOU SAID.

HE *NEVER* STOOD A CHANCE.

TRUE. BUT STILL...

"...I WAS HOPING FOR A BIT *MORE* OF A FIGHT."

A GREAT WHITE SHARK HAS AN OLFACTORY SYSTEM A HUNDRED TIMES ***STRONGER*** THAN MAN'S AND CAN SMELL A ***SINGLE DROP*** OF BLOOD A MILE AWAY.

I'VE JUST GIVEN THEM ***SEVERAL LITERS*** OF THE RED STUFF.

CHUMMED THE WATERS AND ***RUNG*** THE DINNER BELL FOR EVERY SHARK IN SNIFFING DISTANCE.

TRYING TO FIGHT A ONE-TON MEAT GRINDER ON HIS HOME TURF AIN'T THE WAY I PLANNED ON GOING OUT.

TO BE HONEST, IT AIN'T SO MUCH THE *MEAT GRINDING* THAT I'M *WORRIED* ABOUT...

SHUK

...IT'S THAT IF THESE THINGS KEEP ON ME, I'M GONNA LOSE *TOO MUCH* BLOOD.

IF I PASS OUT FROM BLOOD LOSS, MY ADAMANTIUM SKELETON IS GONNA *SINK* ME LIKE A STONE TO THE *BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.*

THAT HAPPENS, *I DROWN.*

BUT THAT DAMNED HEALING FACTOR OF MINE-- IT'LL BRING ME BACK.

JUST SO I CAN DROWN *AGAIN.* RINSE AND REPEAT FOR *ETERNITY.*

FWOOP

OSH

DON'T WORRY, GIRL.

DINNER'LL BE UP SOON ENOUGH.

BOSS!

HE'S BACK!

BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA

SHUNK

WHOEVER TAKES DOWN WOLVERINE GETS GUIDRY'S CUT OF THE TAKE!

SHUK

SPLSH

SHRAK

NO!

SHUNK

YOU AIN'T THE *ONLY ONE* WITH BLADES, *SHORTY.*

HAVIN' BLADES IS *ONE THING.*

KNOWING HOW TO *USE THEM...*

SHLIK

...IS A WHOLE OTHER *KETTLE OF FISH.*

YOU CAN REPLACE ALL YOUR BODY PARTS WITH CYBERNETIC UPGRADES, ANGELO...

...WON'T CHANGE *WHO* YOU ARE.

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A LOSER. A LAPDOG FOR *SOMEONE ELSE.*

FWOOSH

YOU KNOW WHAT...

...KEEP THE MONEY. I CAN ALWAYS STEAL MORE.

FOOOM

ARGGGH!

SHUNK

SPLAT

WASN'T THE *CLEANEST* OF OPERATIONS, BUT AT LEAST THE REAVERS ARE TAKEN CARE OF.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

AIN'T GONNA *MAKE UP* FOR THE THIRTY PEOPLE THAT LOST THEIR LIVES...

...BUT IT'S *SOMETHING.*

TAKE A VACATION, THEY SAID.

BREATHE SOME FRESH AIR.

RELAX.

I HATE VACATIONS.

THE SAVAGE LAND.

"STICKS AND STONES"

STEVEN S. DeKNIGHT - SCRIPT
PAULO SIQUEIRA - PENCILS
OREN JUNIOR - INKS
ANDRES MOSSA - REDS/TONES
VC's CLAYTON COWLES - LETTERS

INSOLENT WORM! YOU DARE CHALLENGE SAURON IN HIS OWN KINGDOM?!

SNIKT

DIDN'T COME HERE LOOKIN' TO TANGLE WITH YOU, BUB.

BUT YOU WANNA DANCE, START THE FREAKIN' MUSIC.

LET'S DROP YOU FROM HIGHER UP THIS TIME AND SEE IF YOU BURST, CRETIN!

GONNA BE HARD TO FLY AFTER I CARVE THOSE FLAPPERS OFF YA, *KARL.*

KARL LYKOS IS DEAD! I AM SAURON!

DESTROYER! LIFE TAKER! THE TERROR FROM THE SKIES--

ROARRRRR!

UHH...

I'LL KILL YOU *LATER.*

I'LL KILL YOU *NOW.*

BEND TO MY MENTAL WILL, THUNDER LIZARD! AND REND THE FLESH FROM THIS TALKING APE'S ADAMANTIUM BONES--

WHAP

ERGHHH!

HEY! BIG BIRD'S *MY* KILL, YOU OVERGROWN IGUANA--

CHOMP

ROOOAAARRRR!

URP?

ARGHHH!

NO SIMPLE CREATURE SUCH AS THIS COULD RESIST THE POWER OF MY MIND CONTROL! IT DEFIES THE NATURAL ORDER!

GUESSING THIS MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.

BRAIN'S HARD AS A ROCK. LIKE IT'S BEEN PETRIFIED.

THAT'S WHY THE BEAST DIDN'T BOW TO MY WILL. ITS MIND HAD BEEN TURNED TO *STONE.*

AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WHO DWELLS WITHIN THE SAVAGE LAND WHO WIELDS SUCH IDIOTIC SORCERY...

"...GAROKK! THE PETRIFIED MAN!"

THE TIME IS UPON US, MY CHILDREN!

NO LONGER WILL YOU BE OUTCASTS AMONG YOUR OWN PEOPLE! NO LONGER WILL YOUR DIFFERING BELIEFS BE CONDEMNED BY THOSE WHO HOLD THEMSELVES ABOVE YOU!

I HAVE GAINED CONTROL OF THE BEASTS OF YESTERYEAR! AND WITH THEIR MIGHT, WE WILL SEIZE THE SAVAGE LAND FOR OUR OWN!

AND THEN...*THE WORLD!*

HELLUVA SPEECH.

MEH. I'VE MADE BETTER.

SNIKT SNIKT

INFIDELS!

ALWAYS THE EYE BEAMS WITH THIS GUY.

I GOT A CURE FOR THAT...

SKRAKK

AHHHH! MY EYES! MY BEAUTIFUL EYES!

CHOMP

ARGHHH!

SKRNK

ACKKKK!

SACRILEGE...

HM. THAT WAS EASY.

HE'S AN IDIOT. BUT HE'S GOT THE RESURRECTION THING GOING. HE'LL POP UP AGAIN. ALWAYS DOES.

NOT MY CIRCUS. WE DONE HERE?

LOOKS LIKE.

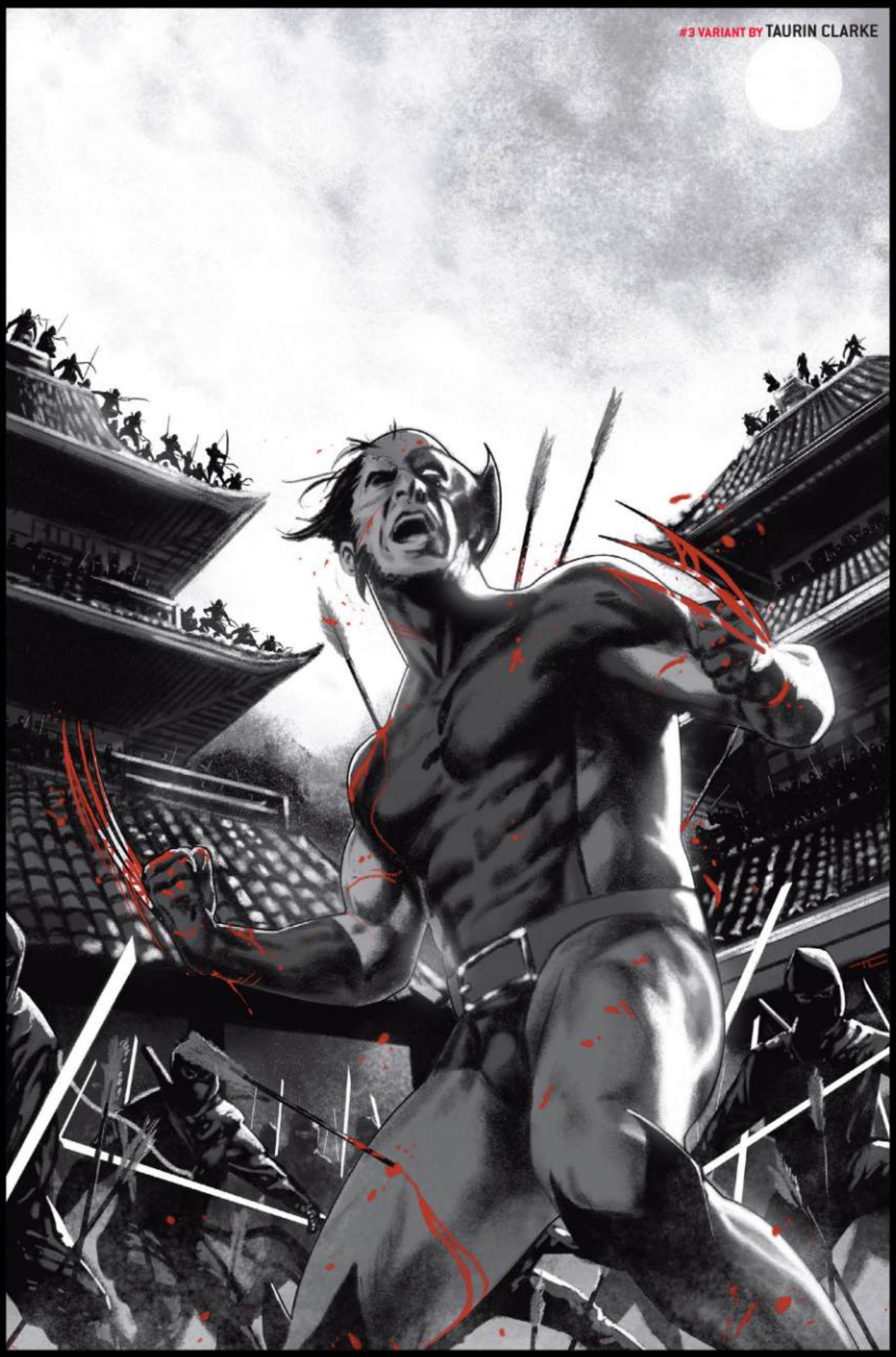
THEN LET'S GET BACK TO IT, *KARL*.

DON'T CALL ME KARL!

#1 VARIANT BY Adam Kubert

#2 VARIANT BY **NATACHA BUSTOS**

#3 VARIANT BY TAURIN CLARKE



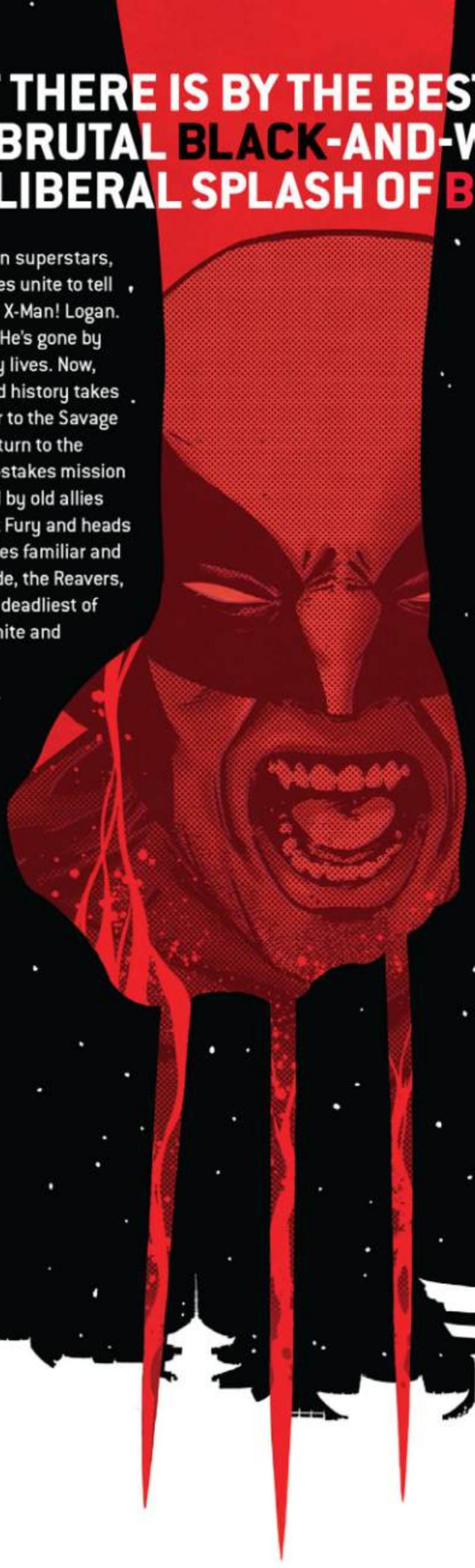
#2 VARIANT BY MAHMUD ASRAR

#1 PAGE 9 PROCESS BY Adam Kubert

#1 COVER VARIATIONS BY **Adam Kubert**

THE BEST THERE IS BY THE BEST THERE ARE IN BRUTAL BLACK-AND-WHITE, WITH A LIBERAL SPLASH OF BLOOD-RED!

Legendary creators, modern superstars, rising talents and fresh voices unite to tell savage tales of your favorite X-Man! Logan. Weapon X. Patch. Wolverine. He's gone by many names and lived many lives. Now, this exploration of his storied history takes you from Japan to Madripoor to the Savage Land — from a revelatory return to the Weapon X program to a high-stakes mission with X-Force! Logan is joined by old allies such as Kate Pryde and Nick Fury and heads into bloody battle against foes familiar and surprising — including Arcade, the Reavers, Cosmic Ghost Rider and, the deadliest of all, Sabretooth! It's black, white and blood all over!



COLLECTING *WOLVERINE: BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD #1-4* — BY GERRY DUGGAN, MATTHEW ROSENBERG, DECLAN SHALVEY, VITA AYALA, SALADIN AHMED, CHRIS CLAREMONT, DONNY CATES, JED MacKAY, JOHN RIDLEY, ED BRISSON, KELLY THOMPSON, STEVEN S. DeKNIGHT, ADAM KUBERT, JOSHUA CASSARA, GREG LAND, KEV WALKER, SALVADOR LARROCA, CHRIS BACHALO, JESÚS SAIZ, JORGE FORNES, LEONARD KIRK, KHARY RANDOLPH, PAULO SIQUEIRA, JAY LEISTEN, OREN JUNIOR, FRANK MARTIN, GURU-eFX, FRANK D'ARMATA AND ANDRES MOSSA.

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